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the administration when foreign excellence was allowed to receive the award of French purchase. Gleyre, however, had become to all intents and purposes a Parisian, and was conducting one of the most famous academies of the capital. The composition, here seen in a diminished replica, is one of the most delicious poems of our age, a group such as Winterhalter and Dupaty liked to represent, but painted of a different fund of endowment from theirs. It was imagined in 1835, and first shown at the 1843 Salon—an eight years' incubation of a beautiful fancy. At that time the painter was threatened with blindness, an artist's most awful dread, and was travelling for repose in Egypt. Sailing one blinding day on the Nile, oppressed with horrible fears of coming night, he was gratified with a tender and melancholy vision, distinctly borne in upon his sight with the freshness of twilight. He saw a heavenly boat, filled with angels, whose very reflections were plainly inlaid in the water, while their divine songs rang in his ears. The vision sailed along distinctly, and then, just abreast of Abydos, as distinctly stopped, coming to a pause at a tuft of palms, which still stands, as a landmark of the celestial errand. A man of genius knows how to make capital of his exquisite hallucinations. Eight years of application, of applied memory, and the consoling dream, with its whole burden of charm and sadness, was fastened upon the canvas in its full glow of grace and hue. "I cannot be sure that we ever see so much color in the twilight," remarked the artist to me one day in Paris before this composition; and the stricture, rightly understood, is a compliment to the painting, a tribute to its supernatural gift of tint or tone. A description of the "Illusions Perdues" is beautifully interwoven by Sir Arthur Helps in "Friends in Council," and the loveliest of the heavenly faces introduced as the portrait of his English heroine. But the women in the vision are in fact muses, whose inspirations are to fade and become lost in the beholder's old age. An antique bard sits on the shore, and is the recipient of the vision. Stately and noble, his hair dressed in Phœnician curls as for an Adonis festival, his lyre fallen and with broken strings, he sits near a little wharf and by an abortive fig-tree, while a Tyrian galley passes and does not touch at the quay. In it are the muses and Charites, singing from a scroll or beating time or touching the harp, while a winged Eros guides the rudder and scatters roses into the waves. The river brimmed with tide and sunset swells around. When it is said that every figure is a model of lofty grace, and that an ineffable melancholy clasps the whole conception like twilight shadow, enough is told to justify the extraordinary reputation enjoyed by the picture so fortunately acquired by an American collector.

The "Oubli des Douleurs" is perhaps the masterpiece of Gallait, at least in the idyllic line, and the present specimen is veritably by the hand of the great Belgian veteran. "Since I gave M. Gallait the commission to paint the

Forgetfulness of Sorrow' myself," says a letter of Mr. Walters, "and saw him repeatedly engaged upon the work during its progress, its authenticity is, I should think, not questionable." The theme illustrates the troubles of gentle and wandering baladines. The sister droops upon the brother's knees, footsore and sad, a tambourine and a grape-bunch neglected at her feet; the youth, as her head sinks to sleep in his lap, touches with his little finger the strings of a violin, in some faint "chanson de sommeil," and looks down with exquisite compassion to see the birth of the first smile upon the lips of slumber. They sit together upon a stile in a lonely mountain road, and the beholder, past their sorrows, can only see with envy the beauty of their life of "art and liberty," the primitive cares and ready consolations of

their free existence. Another famous subject by Gallait is seen in his rich water-color, a study for his "Egmont and Horn." Alva looks at the decapitated leaders with grim satisfaction, as they lie in state after execution, their stately heads placed near their trunks, a decent drapery laid upon their forms, and a crucifix placed upon their breasts. His vengeance is satisfied, his remorse unawakened. The armies of Charles shall no longer be led by Netherlanders, but by Spain in his person.

"The Suicide" of Decamps was the first work to establish his reputation, and has found its way, through the Blodgett collection, to this gallery. It has blackened greatly with age, and is now in great part invisible, owing to a free use of the tone-painter's perilous luxury, bitume. A little French lithograph, made

said, is horribly pathetic; the sympathy between the lonely victim and the shadow that clusters thickly in every corner is full of meaning. The masterly arrangement of light and shade, adding a burden of horror and mystery, is what establishes the merit of the picture as a work of imagination.

The visit to-day to Mr. Walters' gallery must be a short one. On another occasion, when there are no diplomatists present, I will try to repeat the call, and give more deliberate impressions of the masterpieces I have only named yet, and of some others.

CICERONE.

MARTIN RICO.

In the year 1870 the distinguished artist Fortuny, then oscillating between his native land of Spain and Rome—"Rome, my country," the true birthplace of us all—discovered on a home excursion a charming house in the beautiful nightingale-haunted city of Granada. He thought he could spend an agreeable and fruitful winter there, with his beloved Cecilia de Madrazo, and the beautiful presents she had made him, the fine boy and girl who have served as models in so many of his pictures. As he directed his explorative wanderings through the elm-groves planted by Wellington along the banks of the Darro, or between the prismatic walls of the Alhambra, glittering with azulejo tile-work, it seemed to him that one familiar pleasure would be necessary to complete his happiness. He remembered the tinkle of Martin Rico's guitar. With this accompaniment to complete the concerts of the nightingales, and the communings that two accomplished artists might exchange, it appeared to him that the house in question, No. 1 Realijo Bajo, might become an inspiring home for both the painters. Fortuny wrote to Rico, setting forth the attractions of this housekeeping in partnership. The landscape painter, being unattached and free-footed, was not insensible to his friend's representations, and after an interchange of letters the plan was adopted. "Dear Martin," next wrote Fortuny, in a burst of gratification, "I am delighted to learn you are disposed to come, and I think we shall pass a splendid winter. We can paint as many patios and gitanos (courtyards and gypsies) 'as we like.' In due time the diligence delivered a dark-haired young tourist, who seemed to care as much for his guitar-box as for all the rest of his baggage put together, easels and colors included. The winter was happily passed in the Realijo Bajo residence, on the proposed double plan, and the catgut strings were not dumb. "Rico, who is with us, regales us with his guitar," wrote Fortuny in due season to a mutual acquaintance.

The friendship did not wear itself out, as many friendships might, with this close test. Thereafter, when the figure-painter discovered some site where the landscape elements were stronger than the character subjects, he was uneasy that Rico should be losing it. At the very close of his life, when ordered to Portici by the doctor, he was inspired by the splendor of the Bay of Naples, and modestly renounced his own merits as an interpreter, to exalt those of his comrade. "There are here certain motifs," he wrote to Rico, "which you alone could paint well." But Rico, now confined by invalidism, was already pushing for the farther shores of Italy. Fortuny meant quickly to follow his chum to the silver streets of Venice, where he would doubtless have gratified the world with such a rendering as art has never seen. But the Roman malaria had signed him with its mark, and Fortuny was doomed to die without looking at the Rialto from over his friend's shoulder.

Rico's supreme interpretations of Venice are there-



COSTUME SKETCHES DRAWN BY CHARLES FECHTER.

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in times past by my handsome acquaintance, Eugène Leroux, gives a better idea of the painter's conception than the painting. I believe I noticed the fact, in my late article on Mr. T. G. Appleton's collection, that the artist's water-color sketch of the "Suicide" is in that gentleman's possession. The scene represents the suicide of an artist: this is unhappily no rare topic in France—Marchal took his own life lately; Couturier was only prevented from so doing by an accident, and Léopold Robert and Baron Gros, with several others, were before the mind of Decamps as prototypes of his victim. We see a garret, a rush-bottomed chair and tabouret, a wretched bed, an easel, palette, and skull. On the bedstead, stretched on his back, lies the young suicide, his arm hanging over a pistol which has dropped on the floor. The subject, it need hardly be

fore unvexed by any inconvenient rivalry with Fortuny. He paints the solidity, the metallic weight of its waters, where Fortuny would have captured its transfusion of vibrating air. The sojourns of Rico in Venice have taught him to like Canaletto and Guardi, and have affected even his treatment of other waters. The very banks of the Seine, in his recent pictures, partake of the gray and pewter-like colors of Canaletto's dikes, and his scenes of "French Washerwomen on the Seine" and "Boating-parties on the Seine" (both bought at the Hart-Sherwood sale by Mr. D. O. Mills) have a leaden ponderosity of water, a sheet-metal blink of light, far more characteristic of Canaletto or his pupil than of Fortuny.

Rico, therefore, has the distinction of knowing how to paint shoulder to shoulder with the most magnetic art influence of the day without borrowing its style.

So long ago as the Exposition Universelle of 1867, Martin Rico was ready to exhibit, with no 'prentice-like shortcomings of style. In that year he sent a view of the environs of Gavass, in the Pyrenees, from his Paris

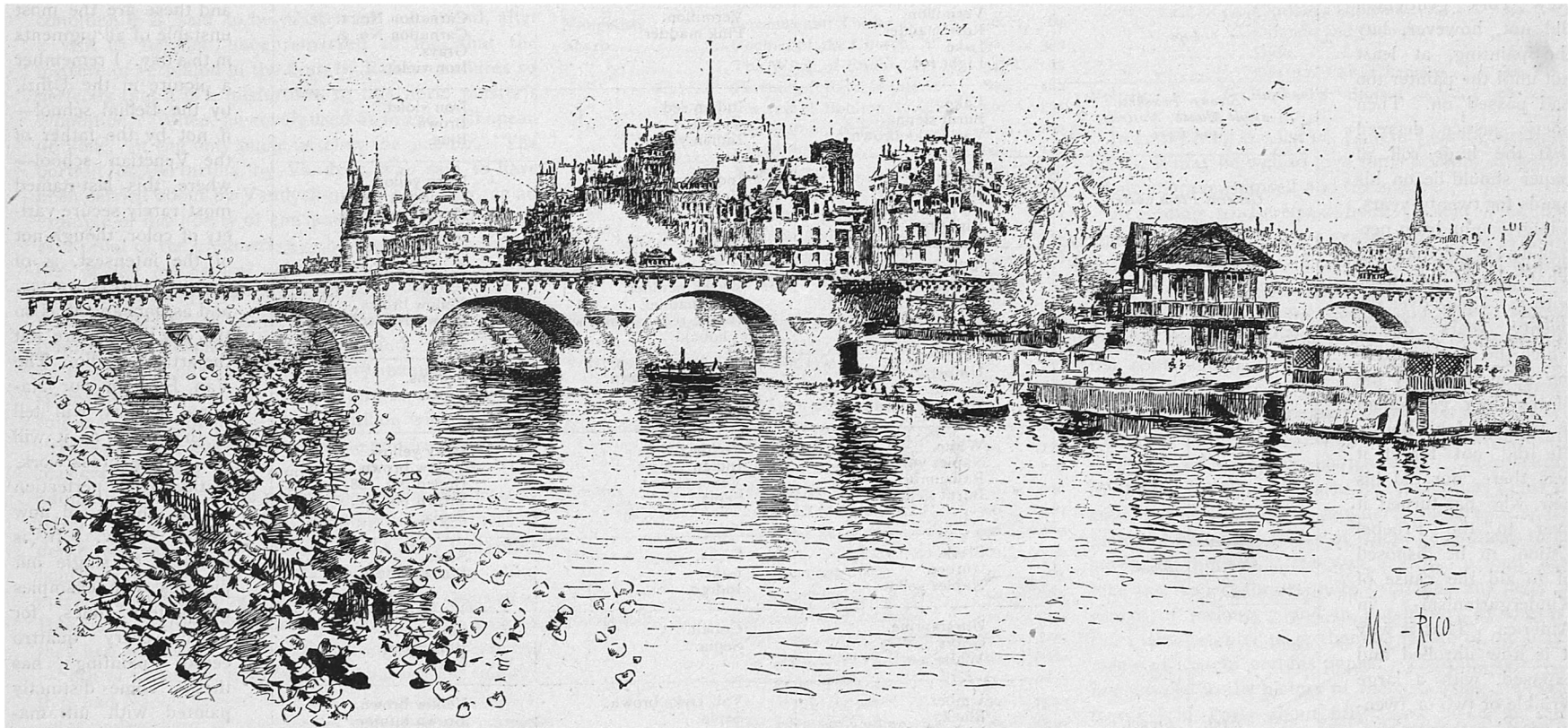
BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

ART EXHIBITIONS—A BOY SCULPTOR—STORY OF A SENSATIONAL CARTOON—REMARKABLE ARCHITECTURE.

BOSTON, October 18, 1880.

ALL the present indications regarding the approaching exhibition of contemporary American art are of a very promising character. The interest appears to be extensive, and the artists of your city, as well as our own, are evidently calculating upon an exhibition in which it will be advisable to put one's best foot forward. Indeed the physical conditions of the exhibition necessitate a high standard of admission. The wall-space of the painting-galleries of the museum, even after everything is stowed away that can be removed out of the permanent contents of the museum, is not over-extensive, so that admission to the exhibition will of itself be esteemed something of a recognition by our younger brood of artists at least. What there may be

works here, was accepted "with the congratulations of the jury"—an extraordinary honor for any artist. It is a portrait bust of his grandmother. It is instinct with life and naturalness, a clear and powerful rendering of individuality and character. Accompanying it is a little bronze of a kid's head and neck. The utter babyishness of the kid's nose and mouth, the truthful turn of the muscles of its neck, and the masterly knowledge displayed in affixing its ears, which look ready to wag "as quick as a wink" should a fly hover about them, the liveliness, humor and originality which make a little subject that is trite enough in such bronzes a work of striking interest, charm and fascination, all stamp the production as one of a rare talent. It is pleasant to know that such talent is in good keeping; that the gifted boy's parents understand the value of his endowment; that they have higher views than to push him as a prodigy; that he is to be allowed to have his childhood out boy-fashion, working only at his own sweet will; but that his own choice of amusement takes him to the Paris galleries and his home work-room; that a



"VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE SEINE." DRAWN BY MARTIN RICO.

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studio, No. 13 Rue de l'Oratoire. To that of 1878 he contributed such selections as "A By-Street in Venice," and "Stairway in the House of Pilate in Seville." Venice has enthralled him with her spell, and he gives the greater part of his attention to interpreting her charms. A view of Venice, almost all water, with but a fringe of distant buildings against the sky, ornaments the collection of Mr. Anthony J. Drexel. Another, where the buildings fill the foreground and assume a brilliant importance, has recently been added to the gallery of Mr. William T. Walters. A third, with the Piazza and the gondolas of the Slaves' Quay, is a lively attraction in Mr. Henry C. Gibson's collection.

Thus Martin Rico, however he may dally with other streams, is wedded to the Grand Canal. To this chosen scene he brings up the rarest qualities of interpretation. The Venice of Turner is hazy, the Venice of Canaletto is zinc, the Venice of Guardi is like an architect's elevation, the Venice of Ziem is like a gauze veil, while the Venice of Rico is crisp, rustling, graphic, with the burnished look of metal in the crucible about its waves, and the biting shadows of southern noon about its architecture. EDWARD STRAHAN.

of undiscovered talent in this class of workers is one of the most exciting subjects of speculation in connection with the exhibition, among those who have had some knowledge of the art schools during the past two or three years.

The last monthly exhibition of the St. Botolph Club was not particularly rich in fresh work. Indeed, judging by what has thus far appeared, or rather not appeared, the past summer has not been an "apple year" for the artists. There was a new portrait by F. P. Vinton, a couple of characteristic poetic marines by Bunce of New York, and some broad and tender water-colors by J. Foxcroft Cole, who has also added etching to his recent excursions outside the field of landscape painting after the great modern French school, of which he is one of the very best American illustrators. But the sensation of the collection was a couple of pieces of modelling by the boy sculptor, Bartlett, the French son of the well-known Boston sculptor of that name. I say French son because the boy was born and has always lived in France, and his mother is a Frenchwoman. He is the youngest sculptor ever admitted to the French Salon, and his Salon piece, which is one of the two

school he is a somewhat remarkable scholar in the classics; and that the eminent sculptor, Fremiet, is a near neighbor and friend of the family.

A vast cartoon on wrapping-paper is the last sensation in art here. It fills the whole of one side of the room devoted to water-colors at the Art Museum during special exhibitions. It is itself a water-color, twelve feet by twenty! It is a curiosity in art in more ways than one. The subject is "Daniel in the Lion's Den," which indicates somewhat the period and school of modern art which it represents: the English school of the last generation. Daniel—a very handsome man, by the way, with fine eyes, rolled heavenward, and neatly dressed hair and beard—in a red mantle with blue skirts, kneels in the middle; a beautiful lady angel in pinks and purples hovers just above him with a protecting gesture, and the lions are disposed around the lower sides with the regularity of composition of the illustrated frontispiece to a subscription Family Bible. But these beasts are not to be sneezed at. As drawings of animals they must command the most respectful study and unequivocal admiration. The strength and massiveness of the king of beasts are not merely general-